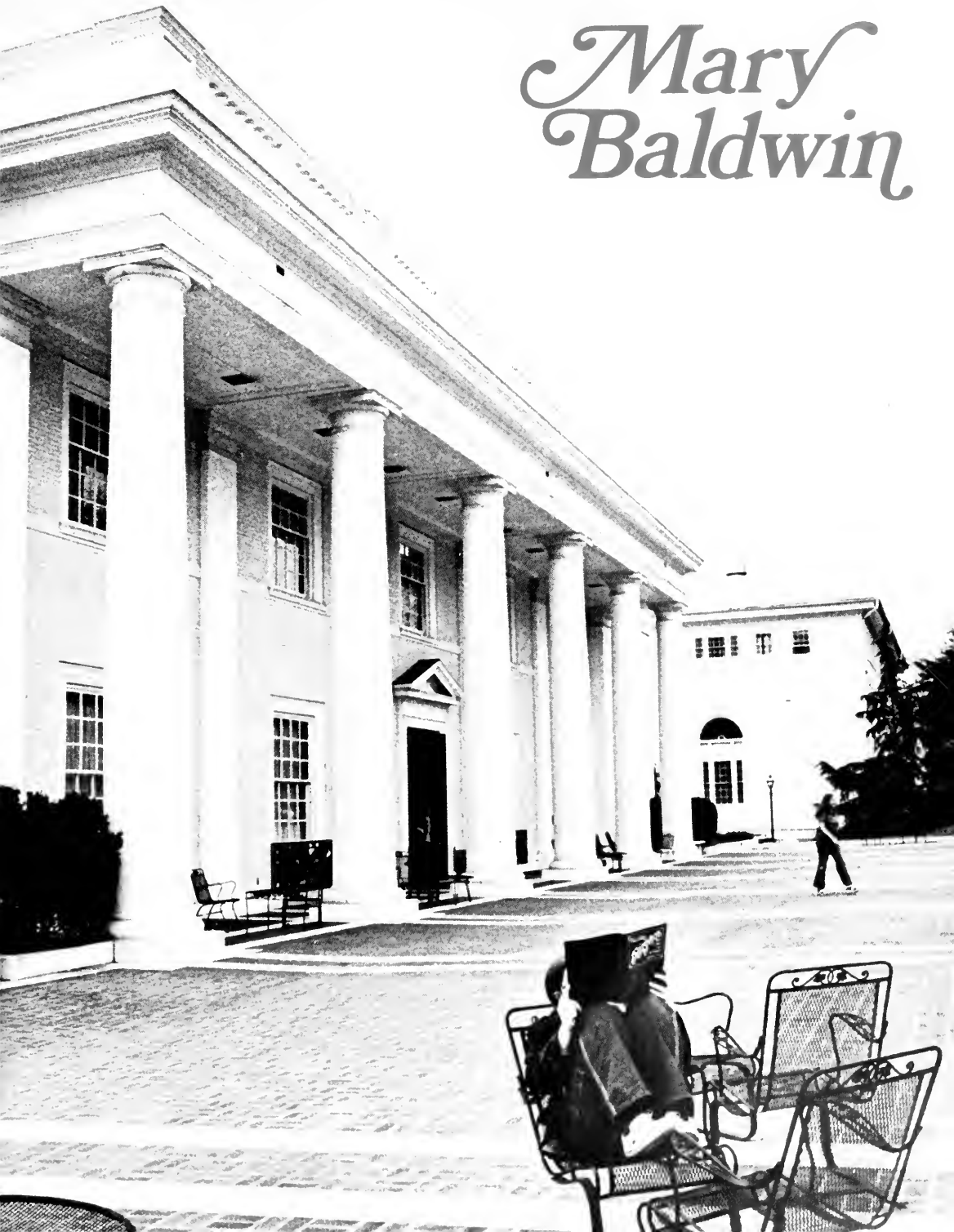


Mary Baldwin



The Fourth B-Broman

By NANCY DRAPER

Miss Draper is one of Dr. Broman's former students. After graduating from Mary Baldwin in 1951, she went on to earn her Master of Music degree from the Eastman School of Music. Miss Draper also studied at the Staatlich Hochschule for Music and Theater in Hanover, Germany, and in 1964 was awarded a soloist's diploma in piano from this institution. In addition, she has done summer study in Colorado and in New York. Presently she is Associate Professor of Music at Colby Junior College in New London, New Hampshire.

Our alma mater made a wise and fortunate choice in appointing Dr. Carl W. Broman, a person of unusual capabilities, as chairman of the music department in 1935, upon the retirement of Dr. Wilmar Robert Schmidt.

Throughout its history, the college has recognized and encouraged excellence in education and the building of ideals and character in the individual. These objectives have been ably implemented by Dr. Broman throughout his 39 years of loyal and dedicated service.

Some musicians excel as performers; others excel as educators. Dr. Broman is unique in having achieved success in both categories. Before leaving his native Chicago, he won several awards and contests, one of which resulted in his performing with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He received a scholarship to attend the famed Juilliard School of Music, in the piano classes of both Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, world-renowned artist-teachers. With very few exceptions, every pianist of importance today has studied with Madame Lhevinne, the *grande dame* of piano teachers. "I'm not planning to emulate her!" Dr. Broman remarked recently when commenting on her teaching career, for she is still active at the age of 94!

For most performers who receive recognition, honors are limited to one area of specialty. Here again, Dr. Broman is remarkable. He received a National Federation of Music Clubs award in organ. He conducted the Lutheran Bach Society of New York for five years, and presented performances in Town Hall and various churches in New York City. In fact, during Dr. Broman's early years at

Mary Baldwin, he was in charge of all the choral work and directed the glee club at Hampden-Sydney College with numerous performances, including some with the Harvard Orchestra.

Further honors include membership in Phi Gamma Delta fraternity and in The Pierian Sodality of 1808 of Harvard University, the oldest active musical organization in America. Only seven honorary members had been admitted to this organization in its long history prior to Dr. Broman's election.

In addition to studies at Juilliard, Dr. Broman's educational background includes degrees from the University of Chicago, the American Conservatory of Music, Columbia University, and an honorary doctorate from Hampden-Sydney College. Throughout his years in Staunton, he has become well known for his achievements as pianist, organist, and conductor. Even when his teaching career was interrupted for three years of service with the U. S. Army, Captain Broman, as Special Services officer at Camp Shanks, N.Y., utilized his talents in arranging outstanding musical performances for the troops about to embark overseas.

As a musician, Dr. Broman's qualifications and experiences are notable. Equally impressive is his versatility in the field of education. It is rare to find a teacher who is successful in so many areas—instrumental and choral music, literature, theory, and composition. I recall, from my student days at Mary Baldwin, that we music majors spoke of the *four B's* memorable as musicians: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, and Broman.

But knowledge and educational background and experience alone do

not make the great teacher. What is it, then, that has won Dr. Broman such high esteem throughout the years among so many people, colleagues as well as students? Much of it has to do with traits of personality and character.

I have never known a person more dedicated to his art and profession. He loves to teach—to train and develop the skills, minds, and character of his students. In his wisdom, Dr. Broman guides with the utmost patience, understanding, kindness, and compassion, using his gift for discerning the strengths and weaknesses of each individual. College students of all generations have sought to know themselves better, to learn to recognize and come to terms with their own identities; Dr. Broman has helped many to achieve this goal.

He has fond memories of graduates whom he has taught in past years; yet he says of today's students, "I think this is a very good generation." The numbers of alumnae who have studied with him and successfully completed graduate training at some of the leading universities in this country and abroad attest to his success as an educator. However, his influence is by no means limited to those who have pursued careers in music. I know other students whose lives have been deeply touched by the stimulus and inspiration that he has provided. For all, the dedicatory inscription for the *Blue-stocking* of 1958 still holds true: "He is an unselfish musician who has not hidden his light under a bushel, but who has used his talent as an implement with which to guide us in our search for the beautiful."

Dr. Broman was never too busy to help a deserving student, a remarkable trait when one considers his heavy teaching schedule and other college-community activities. He was a true friend and counselor, an excellent faculty adviser who took a sincere interest in his students. He encouraged or criticized as deserved. Undoubtedly this had much to do with the trust and confidence placed upon his judgment.



Dr. Broman's vitality as an educator never waned. He was constantly reading, attending workshops, and participating actively in leading musical organizations throughout the country. In addition, he served as organist and choirmaster at Trinity Episcopal Church in Staunton, chairman of the Music Commission for the Episcopal Diocese of Southwestern Virginia, and chairman of the board of the King Series.

Dr. Broman's expectations are high and there are times when his students must work very hard, but there are also times when his sense of humor lightens the day. Then too, there are times of much fun, enhanced by his good judgment in the choice of a wife! Countless students over the years have remarked about the loveable warmth of personality of Mrs. Broman, her charm and her gracious hospitality. What good times we have enjoyed in their home for receptions and dinner parties!

The Broman children have likewise succeeded in careers where importance of the individual is stressed. Mary, employed as instructor of French and resident counselor at Mary Baldwin the year following her graduation, is now vocational evaluator at the Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center. John is executive director of Tinker Mountain Workshop, a rehabilitation facility in Botetourt County, Virginia.

Dr. Broman says that his retirement plans are still indefinite. He continually thinks of projects that seem exciting. Now that he has time to devote to new, worthwhile endeavors, there is no doubt that he will find new, rewarding experiences.

It is the Dr. Bromans of this world who create and maintain the atmosphere of understanding and learning that is Mary Baldwin.



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Everybody joins in square-dancing after a Saturday night performance

Relaxing at "The Farm"



"The Pond" in performance



Improvisations



The Place, the People - Changing, Unchanging

By BARBARA Allan HITE with help from BETTE Allan COLLINS

My memories of the place—and the people—go back a long time. First there was the Oak Grove Theater, started in 1954 by a group of Stauntonians under the direction of Mary Baldwin's drama professor, Dr. Fletcher Collins, Jr.

Dr. Collins and his wife, Margaret, invited six Mary Baldwin students to live with them in their farmhouse just outside Staunton near Verona, Va. We girls helped with productions in the outdoor theater located atop one of the hills on the 100 acres surrounding the house. This was the beginning. (The Oak Grove opens its 21st season this summer.)

But during these same years, while summer theater activities flourished and as actors and technicians from Waynesboro and Harrisonburg joined Stauntonians, there developed another nucleus of people who were specifically interested in the plays Margaret Collins was writing.

In any case, we drew together. The atmosphere was charged. We decided to do entirely new things. That was the commitment. And this group, expanded, became "Theater Wagon" in 1967. And Theater Wagon, a branch of the Oak Grove Theater, grew as a group of actors, writers and technicians possessed of a special excitement and dedication.

It is this special feeling that most likely led to the Summer Festival get-togethers. Theater Wagon, in contrast to the Oak Grove Theater, began as a touring group and has played everywhere from Woodrow Wilson's Birthplace in Staunton to the Greenwich Muse Theater in New York City. The group has received four grants from the Virginia Commission for the Arts for its role in encouraging new playwrights and producing new plays in Virginia.

Barbara Allan Hite '58



(Editor's Note: Twenty members of Theater Wagon will travel to Europe this summer to present plays at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe in Scotland. They also will stage a miracle play written by Benedictine monks in the 12th century, and transcribed and researched by Dr. Collins. The cast will present this at the abbey St. Benoît de Fleury, Loire Valley, in central France, where the play originated.)

There are always six to eight plays in Theater Wagon's active repertory; members may play one part in a show one year and another part in the same show the next year. Or they may do the same role for five years while other cast members come and go. Being so spread out and encompassing more active members and interested supporters in scattered places year after year, it seemed natural to establish some sort of focal moment in a key place to allow everyone to be together at once, to be "recharged" so to speak.

For the past three years, then, Theater Wagon has been holding a weekend festival of new plays in August at the Oak Grove Farm and Theater. Some people gather at The Farm for the week before and rehearse a new show to perform on one of the festival nights. Some bring a show and cast already rehearsed and arrive with children and dogs at the last minute. Others combine these two methods, working in new cast members during the last few days—despite children and dogs!

I've never been to one of those huge, old-fashioned family reunions, but the atmosphere at this festival must be like that—only heightened by the extra stimulation of multi-creations in progress.

Bette Allan Collins '61



FESTIVAL WEEKEND '73

Festival Weekend I arrived Thursday with my two youngest: Jon, 6, and Meg, 3. Coming down the lane, the ruts of which have been worked and reworked so much through the years that one is always challenged to find the smoothest crossing and recrossing. Jon expressed his gratitude that the cows were still here. "It's just the same," he said. Yep. In many ways; in most ways. The children feel as much the continuity of this place as the adults; and this year Jon and Chris, my oldest son, 11, had parts in the play my husband, a friend and I were doing.

As we pulled in we spoke to one dog whose nose was stuffed out of a partially-closed car window. It's not enough juggling around 42 overnight human guests, figuring who's camping out where, who's sleeping inside where and in relation to whom, who's arriving and leaving when and where, who's for dinner which days. The Collins also take into consideration the habits and personalities of the guests' dogs: which will run free when, which will eat where when, which bark the most during performances, and so on. So far, happily, no one has brought a cat!

Inside the farmhouse we are met by three babysitters. Ah. Child security. That's nice. And by the refrigerator we find Terry Koogler Southerington—looking for bottles. Terry is working on a master's in math and teaching at Madison College in Harrisonburg, Va. What has a math major to do in the theater? "The thing about Theater Wagon is it's loose. You can try things. Without drama (it's such a break), I'd get so tired of math I'd just want to throw it all away!" Today, instead, she's pulling bottles for stage props from trash cans in the mudroom. I checked with Terry to see where I was supposed to be.

There are three main rehearsal areas: the large Oak Grove stage is available when the summer season ends; a wagon shed out back at The Farm has been redesigned and rigged with theater lights; and there's a large rehearsal room in at The Oaks, the Collins' 23-room Victorian house in Staunton.

This year the Festival schedule included Margaret's play, "The Pond," on Friday night; my one-act "Ready or Not" and Margaret's sister, Kay Bart's "Doug's Play" on Saturday night to be followed by music and square-dancing; Celia Flow Eller's Raggedy Ann group from Boston with "A Mother and Child Reunion" Sunday afternoon; and Jeannie Lee's full-length play, "Mushrooms and How They Grow," in reading on Sunday night. All had to be scheduled for rehearsals and babysitters and last-minute adjustments.

* * *

The Farm? The house? The high pasture? The theater itself? Well, nothing is ever fully explained, summarized by its name. But, since I was a freshman at MBC, acting in summer shows at the Oak Grove, these words, "The Farm," have explained more than I know to say of the place. The words refer most directly I guess to the 200-odd-year-old farmhouse, originally a log cabin of four rooms built in 1800. The back rooms: a kitchen, what was called

the mudroom where we used to put on make-up and two additional upstairs bedrooms, were added later in 1860. The house stands in a lowland with 100 acres of rolling hills around to the back and sides.

For most of us the place, the experience, the living there meant something we can't easily manage to express, though I think you sometimes need to try. Celia Eller is living in Boston now, but, like so many of us who spent our college summers living at The Farm and working in the Theater, she remembers Oak Grove summers with a special feeling:

"It was like a whole different world. We just gave and gave to each other—fixing lunches for 20, cleaning up after every night's little or big party, cueing each other, painting sets and making costumes—and of course, the plays themselves! Doing all this as friends, together, to make it all work."

And with the years, the Theater Wagon Festival group working at The Farm has developed that same closeness and cohesion. "There's a total interaction between people, on and off stage. There are no barriers because you know each other." This from Lisa Sloan, a '74 graduate of Mary Baldwin who has been acting with Theater Wagon for three years.

People caring for each other in a way that doesn't exclude weaknesses and in a way that will accept the intervention of years, to go on, despite and because of individual changing. Aurelia Crawford, another '74 graduate who acts in "A Blank Page Entitled Climax" by Jeannie Lee, expresses it this way: "There's very little domination and direction and a lot of self-discipline. I just feel I'm accepted."

Celia Flow Eller '61



Mary Baldwin in Oak Grove and Theater Wagon

(AUTHORS, STARS and OTHERWISE)

- 1954—Jeanne Taylor Block, Ida Sumner Wood, Mary Ann Taylor Murray, Liz De Loach, Jan Mitchell Harper, Wini Boggs Myrick
 1955—Page Smith Hartley
 1956—Patty Parke Schneider, Lois Morrison Zeigler
 1957—Sue Stockton Fletcher, "Mutt" Jamerson Kirk
 1958—Barbara Allan Hite, Jane Lucke, Daisy Givens Weaver
 1960—Mary Ellen Brown Lewis, Peggy Creighton Seldeen
 1961—Betty Allan Collins, Celia Flow Eller, Mary Blake Green Finnite
 1962—Mary Eldridge Bowen, Linda Dolly Hammack
 1963—Suzie Clark Adema, Waverly Rogerson Moss, Martha Grant Rideout, Kathy Sproul Perry
 1964—Ginny Royster Francisco
 1966—Glenda Pearson Anderson, Davyne Verstandig De Marco, Robbie Penn Linden
 1967—Susan Massie, Judy Paulsel, Frances Wise, Carolyn Weekley
 1968—Janet Childrey Collins, Claudia Bruce Williamson
 1970—Diane Darnell Hughes, Connie Kittle Neer, Louise Rossett McNamee
 1972—Carolyn Day, Terry Koogler Southerington, Connie Atkins, Linda Fitzgerald, Jan Triplett
 1973—Donna Shanklin, Gardner Roller
 1974—Lisa Sloan, Aurelia Crawford, Custer LaRue
 1975—Jeannie Lee, Susan Bickerstaff, Debbie Davies

Really, the truth is, you can come home again and be the same or even better than you were. This isn't the kind of place built on memories that growth and time should ask you to abandon, not the naive and innocent "home" of childhood with the sort of protection and idealism better left unrevisited, not the summer camp that is truly impractical at any other time of year.

* * *

So we are home again. All of us. We ride up the hill to the Grove to check in with "The Pond" people. Jeannie leans against a tree with one script hanging from her hand, another one on the ground. I'd forgotten she was learning two parts—one for "The Pond" the next night and one for her own play on Sunday—besides directing her play. (Jeannie wrote her first play—with folksongs—at the age of 15.) Others arrive and I turn around.

"Bob—bie!" Celia has a big hug, for such a tiny frame. "When'd you...?"

"Just this minute!"

"Susan!" Another hug. (Susan Massie is working on a master's degree in library science at Emory University and I hadn't seen her since last year.) "I didn't know you were in 'The Pond'?"

"Betty Lou. I want to cry for this girl. Oh, she's so lovable."

Susan is not reticent either about her feelings for Theater Wagon: "The August Festivals have become a way of life for me. They are times when everybody gives on a gut level because there are lines to be learned, scenes to be rehearsed, sets to be built, children to be tended, and parties to be lived. Fletch and Margaret have come as near as anybody I know to mastering the art of sharing, and the concept of sharing permeates the whole atmosphere—sharing art, music, drama, friendships new and old."

It's true. What Margaret and Fletch have done in the theater is, of course, inseparable from what they've done with their lives and for all of us. For them, the theater exists wherever its audience is, and is of value as it serves that audience. Margaret says this in the introduction to *Plays of Place and Any Place*, the collection of some of our plays published (with help from Mary Baldwin) by the University Press of Virginia last fall:

"Where community is real, there is communion. Good things can happen. People talk to each other. Artists, patrons, audiences get together. Some dreams can be realized. Community comes alive when it creates new forms. Reality is touched with magic. There is zest. There is laughter. There is even compassion. The rest is imagination."

Connie Kittle Neer put it this way in a Christmas letter to the Collins last year: "I value now more than ever what Dr. Collins taught me about theater. In school, BIG TIME represented the ultimate (Big Time being New York, Broadway, Numbers, and Money). I had Big Time right in my own backyard in my association with both of you! ... Big is what you make it. ..."

Susan Massie '67



But we're here at the Grove now—working. I turn again. My sister, Bette, and I have seen each other recently; our greeting is more subdued. "You fink, you were supposed to be here yesterday."

Her role in "The Pond" is the 16th role in the 13th play Bette has done for Theater Wagon. (The group has produced 30 different plays since 1967, and one play, "Love Is a Daisy," has been performed over 40 different times.) Bette is one of the hardest working of the hard-core loyalists:

"I think long ago I realized I didn't have the time to do very *much* in the theater, and Theater Wagon, because it does *new* shows has always seemed to me the most worthwhile use of that time."

I find my husband, Rich, and our eldest son finishing a scene from "The Pond," and it's time to go back "down the hill" for happy hour and supper.

After dinner (Margaret was serving 60 to 70 people in time for an 8 o'clock dress rehearsal) we all go off in several directions to work. Connie Atkins, for instance, had costumes she'd made and brought from Washington to fit and adjust on actresses in "The Pond."

Some of us wash dishes and talk. (Years ago in the summers Peggy Creighton Seldeen and I used to wash dishes all night because we'd talk so deeply during the process.) Water is carried from the pump in the breeze-way and dumped in buckets by the sink or in kettles for boiling on the stove. You wash, and then rinse with the boiling water, and dry. And you talk. Of course, sometimes when you go to pump water you look out over the hills at the cows, at the woods, and sometimes you have to stop and wait and talk a bit while the water heats up on the stove. Well, it is a slow process, but sometimes I do miss it, working alone in my kitchen of conveniences.

There's music after rehearsals, everyone sitting around the log cabin, low-ceilinged living room. Out of every 20 people in the Theater Wagon group, there'll be ten who play the guitar and four or five others who play banjo or mandolin or mountain dulcimer.

Dr. Collins collected ballads in West Virginia and North Carolina for the Library of Congress in the late '30's and early '40's. These songs were those you didn't learn in elementary school or camp or hear on the radio as standard popular folk fare, and they came to have their own significance in relation to the place. The version Fletch found of "The Four Mary's" or "The Two Sisters." "The House Carpenter." It's a very fine thing to be singing with people, some of whom you've known for 20 years, a song you've sung together for that many years (and what about all the people who've sung it before, for hundreds of years past?)—changing and unchanging.

Carolyn Day wrote the Collins recently, "I have missed your wonderful parties, seriously!"

Visitors feel the dynamics of this scene. Linda Dolly Hammack says the most vivid memory she had of The Farm is the night Dame Judith Anderson came out for a

party after her performance at MBC in Medea in 1962: "I was sitting by the fire and there she was not four feet away on the couch. With music there's a closeness regardless of where you're from or what you're doing at the time. We sang for her, with her, for hours, and she kept asking for more."

Surrounded by music, late night sounds, the time after rehearsals or shows, the time from 11:30 p.m. on is partly this and partly quiet conversation around the long, door-length kitchen table.

Topics range from the nature and purpose of art, and theater, of course, to child-rearing and the place of women in society. We can all talk for hours, but the talks we share with Margaret—these especially have kept me, at least, nourished at that table the way no meat could. "I've always believed that I could take whatever life throws at me and create something good out of it," says Margaret. And by that beautiful optimism we all are served.

Of course, the fact is that she has written some 14 full-length plays as well as assorted magazine articles, and raised four incredibly diverse sons, and along with her husband heads up a successful, unusual, and provincial (in the real sense of the word) theater operation.

Margaret Collins



Friday we are all scattered. The most confusion, the most work and hurrying involves Margaret's play, "The Pond," making its premiere in Festival '73. (It has since played two nights in Richmond's Stage Center Theater.) The play is, at least in part, about commitment and what it requires. It was funny; it was serious.

We are scheduled to perform my play, "Ready or Not" on Saturday night and, for us, the whole day is taken up with rehearsals and last-minute preparations. The play has to do with games—adults and children both "playing" them seriously. The acting area is smaller than we'd planned, so we make some adjustments, bumping into each other a lot in the process. We have to miss brunch in at The Oaks and the children's theater workshop during the afternoon on the lawn at The Farm. The improvisations with the children are very free and spontaneous. Ida Wood describes an afternoon with the story of The Golden Goose when adults joined children, "none of us being either grown-ups or kids."

As show time approaches my main concern is with our boys and the uncertainty of how a real audience will affect them. No need to fear; they "steal the show" like ring bearers at a wedding.

Sunday morning at a Theater Wagon member's log cabin in Marble Valley, Ginny Royster Francisco serves some 50 people one of her by now famous brunches. This time—crepes—crepes with crab meat sauce, with mushroom sauce, or with orange sauce. Another group member plays the banjo while we all sit, too heavy to move, looking out on the mountains from various porch and deck levels.

Ginny got her Ph.D. in drama from Indiana University and now teaches with Fletch in the drama department at MBC. She leans back and explains her commitment to Theater Wagon:

"Well, I get plenty of theater at the college! After all, theater is my business now. I should just do that and go home like a sensible person. But I do it because of the people. It's the music, the talk, the relationships you build with people you work with closely and hard."

Jeannie Lee '73



When we recover sufficiently to mobilize some 13 or 14 cars, we make it back into Staunton to the Mirror Room at the college to see Celia's group from Boston, Raggedy Ann, give their multimedia show called "A Mother and Child Reunion." The show deals with traditional and changing roles of women as mothers and as children in society. Afterward we were all talking at once.

Meanwhile, Diane Darnell Hughes and her husband, Mike, had arrived at The Oaks from Charlottesville with a station wagon full of manicotti, salad, garlic bread, cake and coffee—enough to serve 100. Loyalty!

In time for the final theatrical event of the weekend we're back in the Oak Grove Theater by 8 p.m. Sunday night. In Jeannie's play, "Mushrooms and How They Grow," adults are the children; it's the problem of "growing up" for all of us, men and women. But that doesn't begin to explain the play. Jeannie is attending Mary Baldwin now, and Theater Wagon performed one of her plays ("On the Corner of Cherry and Elsewhere") there last year. As the students discovered, Jeannie writes on a number of levels—myth, comedy, pathos, poetry, and hawdy fun all rolled together.

Monday morning those of us left who had been sleeping in the farmhouse spent too long drinking coffee around that kitchen table, not wanting to take the parting step, to actually carry suitcases back to the cars, to make that effort to leave when it would be so nice to stay.

At 18, after a summer at The Farm, I used to get all teary and depressed when I'd have to leave. Well, when you're young, in college, and you've found a beautiful place, it's hard to leave because you don't have so much to go back to in the rest of your life. I think it's because of The Farm—the people and the theater, all of it—that I have much to go back to now. And I can leave it more easily now—that silly dirt road, those ruts, changing, unchanging.

About the Authors...

The Allan sisters, Bobbie and Bette, launched their theatrical careers in Richmond in 1957 and they are still hooked on drama. Theater Wagon and Oak Grove are household words to Bobbie and Bette. Both made drama their college career, both chose husbands who have theatrical talents, and both have had billings as star, author and director. Bobbie is a part-time English teacher at Virginia Wesleyan in Norfolk, where her husband Rick is professor of dramatic arts, Bette is the wife of Dr. Christopher Collins, a Charlottesville realtor.

The Fourth B-Broman

By NANCY DRAPER

Miss Draper is one of Dr. Broman's former students. After graduating from Mary Baldwin in 1951, she went on to earn her Master of Music degree from the Eastman School of Music. Miss Draper also studied at the Staatlich Hochschule for Music and Theater in Hanover, Germany, and in 1964 was awarded a soloist's diploma in piano from this institution. In addition, she has done summer study in Colorado and in New York. Presently she is Associate Professor of Music at Colby Junior College in New London, New Hampshire.

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Throughout its history, the college has recognized and encouraged excellence in education and the building of ideals and character in the individual. These objectives have been ably implemented by Dr. Broman throughout his 39 years of loyal and dedicated service.

Some musicians excel as performers; others excel as educators. Dr. Broman is unique in having achieved success in both categories. Before leaving his native Chicago, he won several awards and contests, one of which resulted in his performing with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He received a scholarship to attend the famed Juilliard School of Music, in the piano classes of both Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, world-renowned artist-teachers. With very few exceptions, every pianist of importance today has studied with Madame Lhevinne, the *grande dame* of piano teachers. "I'm not planning to emulate her!" Dr. Broman remarked recently when commenting on her teaching career, for she is still active at the age of 94!

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He has fond memories of graduates whom he has taught in past years; yet he says of today's students, "I think this is a very good generation." The numbers of alumnae who have studied with him and successfully completed graduate training at some of the leading universities in this country and abroad attest to his success as an educator. However, his influence is by no means limited to those who have pursued careers in music. I know other students whose lives have been deeply touched by the stimulus and inspiration that he has provided. For all, the dedicatory inscription for the *Blue-stocking* of 1958 still holds true: "He is an unselfish musician who has not hidden his light under a bushel, but who has used his talent as an implement with which to guide us in our search for the beautiful."

Dr. Broman was never too busy to help a deserving student, a remarkable trait when one considers his heavy teaching schedule and other college-community activities. He was a true friend and counselor, an excellent faculty adviser who took a sincere interest in his students. He encouraged or criticized as deserved. Undoubtedly this had much to do with the trust and confidence placed upon his judgment.



Dr. Broman's vitality as an educator never waned. He was constantly reading, attending workshops, and participating actively in leading musical organizations throughout the country. In addition, he served as organist and choirmaster at Trinity Episcopal Church in Staunton, chairman of the Music Commission for the Episcopal Diocese of Southwestern Virginia, and chairman of the board of the King Series.

Dr. Broman's expectations are high and there are times when his students must work very hard, but there are also times when his sense of humor lightens the day. Then too, there are times of much fun, enhanced by his good judgment in the choice of a wife! Countless students over the years have remarked about the loveable warmth of personality of Mrs. Broman, her charm and her gracious hospitality. What good times we have enjoyed in their home for receptions and dinner parties!

The Broman children have likewise succeeded in careers where importance of the individual is stressed. Mary, employed as instructor of French and resident counselor at Mary Baldwin the year following her graduation, is now vocational evaluator at the Woodrow Wilson Rehabilitation Center. John is executive director of Tinker Mountain Workshop, a rehabilitation facility in Botetourt County, Virginia.

Dr. Broman says that his retirement plans are still indefinite. He continually thinks of projects that seem exciting. Now that he has time to devote to new, worthwhile endeavors, there is no doubt that he will find new, rewarding experiences.

It is the Dr. Bromans of this world who create and maintain the atmosphere of understanding and learning that is Mary Baldwin.

Vega, story of *joie de vivre*



By B. C.

Being asked to write a tribute to one who is held in high esteem is quite an honor, but when I was asked to write one to my close personal friend, Vega Lytton, I was at once overwhelmed as to where to begin.

How does one pay tribute to a bright star of such magnitude! (I didn't know 29 years ago that Vega is the bright star of the first magnitude in the summer constellation of Lyra, which was the favorite star of Vega's father, Dr. D. W. Morehouse, astronomer and college president. And just think of the many that think Vega is the name of a compact car!)

I recall when Elizabeth Parker asked me to welcome the new Assistant Dean of Students and French professor and her daughter, who were driving from Iowa, to arrive at a time when Elizabeth had another commitment. I recall that I wondered, "Where on earth is Iowa," and after looking on a map I wondered how many miles it must be from Des Moines to Staunton, Virginia! I thought I was doing pretty good to be 300 miles from my home; and the Lyttons were driving 1,300!

So, before I ever met Vega, I thought of the tremendous courage it must have taken to leave family and true friends to come to new and different surroundings in such a "foreign" part of the country; and taking a "teen-ager" away from her friends—I just couldn't imagine how anyone could do it.

Their roadside mail box says "Carr-Lytton," testimony of the long-standing association of two of Mary Baldwin's outstanding loyalists, one serving food to the body, the other filling the appetite of the mind, those inseparable needs of college students. It was appropriate, therefore, that Betty Carr, now in her 32nd year as food service director and seldom called upon to exercise her literary talents beyond monthly menus, should write this "story" of Vega Lytton.—Editor

The loss of her father, who was president of Drake University, and then just three weeks later, the untimely death of her husband, who was business manager of Drake, surely was more than an overwhelming blow. As heavy time passed slowly, Vega thought it might help to get away completely from that university community which held so very many happy memories.

And now, after having known Vega for 29 years, and having experienced the great joy of sharing "living-quarters" with her for 18 of those years, I can say unequivocally that she is indeed the most courageous person I've ever known.

During Vega's first week on campus, Dr. Jarman suddenly became seriously ill and Elizabeth Parker received word of the critical illness of her mother in Chattanooga. Here was this new Assistant Dean who didn't even know where she and her daughter were to live, let alone anything else, and suddenly she had to take full charge of student affairs.

I walked into the Dean's office one Sunday afternoon just in time to hear Vega trying to explain to a very prominent townspeople why Mary Baldwin students couldn't play tennis on Sunday! She didn't know why, other than it was a rule in the "Handbook," and all she could do was to repeat over and over exactly what the Handbook said! Even in those "long-gone square times" it was really an hysterical conversation for one eavesdropping.

I couldn't help with the "tennis deal," but I was able to explain a few "incidental" points about the "strange" food of the South as opposed to that of the Midwest. Vega had always eaten rice with sugar and a little milk or butter—but never with chicken gravy! I've been able to convince her that the Sunday custom of "tar-heel chicken with rice and gravy" is not too hard to take! My first visit to Iowa was at the height of the corn season, and no wonder she was somewhat puzzled the first time she ate Florida corn in Virginia. *Vive la difference!*

When you are sincerely and deeply devoted to your chosen profession, the end product is a rewarding experience. Vega's love for the French language began when she was in high school. She knew then she wanted to teach that beautiful language. Her major professor at Drake University was the brilliant Dr. Jean Pierre Le Coq, and indeed in teaching his native language, he inspired Vega to become an excellent and dedicated French teacher. She later studied at the Alliance Francaise and the Sorbonne, and spent many summers at Middlebury.



As a teacher, no matter what her schedule was, she always wanted to spend extra time with any of her students who desired a little more help on subjunctive or anything else they didn't understand. Her patience and understanding had its rewards when she read "smiley" little notes at the end of an examination paper, telling her she had made the French language come alive.

This kind of success, which never ceases to amaze her, is best expressed by one of her colleagues in the French Department: "Anyone who can keep all of her intermediate French students after the language requirement is dropped *has* to be a great teacher, and great teachers are hard to come by." Humility is a very strong attribute, and I can say without reservation that this lady has a depth of so great a virtue. Shortly after the MacFarland Language Laboratory was installed she became director and with her own versatility responded to the technological advances in teaching.

"Your friend is your needs answered: He is your field which you sow with love and reap with thanksgiving"—so speaks Gibran, and indeed my needs have more than been answered by her giving of herself in times of sickness, sorrow and joy. This friend has a deep reservoir of inner strength which she gives in abundance at the slightest tap. Her concern is first and always for the other person, never for herself; and she is one of those rare individuals who thinks to find only good in people—a strong Morehouse trait!

As Vega "technically" closes the French book and will no longer battle writing "redskin French" sentences, she looks forward to spending more time with her family in Iowa and California, and to seeing close college friends she has not seen in years. Then, too, France and the Alps of Switzerland are calling loud and clear! And before too much longer, we're hoping that I, too, can put the "menu planner" aside to join her in her great *"Joie de Vivre."*

Back When Cokes Were A Nickel...

By JANN MALONE, '72

Back when Cokes were a nickel and women wore shoulder pads in their dresses, it didn't cost much to go to college.

There were tuition and room and board to pay and new clothes to buy. If a student went away to school, there was a bus or train ticket.

And there were a few extras: an occasional weekend at a neighboring college, a movie or a meal away from the dining hall.

Today, college costs a lot more. Inflation makes those same expenses more expensive, and there are new ways for students to spend their money.

Today's students own cars, television sets and stereos. They travel beyond neighboring colleges and they stay in motels. Some have telephones and refrigerators in their rooms.

According to a yellowing ledger, it cost \$5,719 to send a student in the Class of '43 through four years at Mary Baldwin College. Today a student easily could spend that much there in a year.

Mary Baldwin is representative of the private, women's liberal arts colleges in Virginia. Expenses at all of them are about the same. Expenses at public institutions are less, but they have also increased proportionately over the years.

The \$5,719 figure covered all college-related expenses from September 1939 to June 1943, including clothing and transportation to and from the student's home in St. Louis.

Three current Mary Baldwin juniors from Georgia, New Jersey and Virginia estimated their expenses at the college. The Georgia student, who receives no financial aid, spends about \$5,500 a year. The New Jersey and Virginia students, both on financial aid, each spend between \$3,000 and \$4,000 a year.

Tuition, room and board was \$800 a year in 1939-1943. Today, students pay \$3,949.50. [Next year they will pay \$4,167.00.] There is no guarantee that tuition will not increase each year. It has gone up \$1,000 in five years.

The \$3,949.50 includes insurance, linen rental, laboratory fees, student activities fees and practice teaching fees. The \$800 did not.

There are extras at Mary Baldwin today. Three hours of riding lessons each week will cost a student \$560. Organ, piano or voice lessons cost \$150.

To help defray expenses, many students today at private Virginia colleges receive large chunks of financial aid. At Mary Baldwin the average stipend is \$1,350.

Today's students share some of the same expenses as their 1940's counterparts. But inflation has raised the price.

The St. Louis student rode the train to Staunton in September 1942 for \$33.97. She had a first-class Pullman berth. Today it is impossible to ride a train from St. Louis to Staunton. The train goes to Washington, so a student must find her own way to Staunton. A coach seat from St. Louis to Washington costs \$40.50.

Today's student could fly from the airport in Weyers Cave to Washington and make a St. Louis connection that would cost \$78.27 for coach.

Clothes are now more expensive. The St. Louis student bought two dresses in 1942 for \$23.15. The Virginia student recently spent \$56 for two pairs of slacks, a nightgown and some underwear. The last dress the Georgia student bought cost \$100.

Today, books cost anywhere from \$50 to \$100 a semester. The Virginia student spent \$90.06 on books last fall. Book expenses for 1939-1943 averaged \$12 a semester.

Allowances are much larger now. The Georgia student receives \$150 a month. The other two, both on financial aid, have open allowances; they ask their parents for money when they need it. They estimate their expenses run between \$50 and \$100 a month. The student in the Class of '43 got a \$15 allowance each month for four years.

Today's student has expenses the Class of '43 never thought about. A student who owns a car pays not only for gasoline and maintenance but also for the right to park it at Mary Baldwin (\$25).

For another \$25, a student can have her television set hooked up to Staunton's cable television. She can rent a small refrigerator for \$23 or have a telephone installed in her room for \$12.

People who remember the '40's and who know Mary Baldwin now say that the one big difference is the car. Owning a car is expensive, but it gives the student a mobility she didn't have in 1940. She can roam a wider range for dates. She is not confined to downtown Staunton for food or entertainment.

Inflation is also a factor, but Mary Baldwin observers say students have a different attitude about spending today. They are freer with their money; they have overcome the reluctance to spend that students in the 1940's had to cope with.

And the Class of '43 had an expense that today's student never thinks about and probably would refuse to pay. When a student had a date in the '40's and spent the weekend in Charlottesville or Lexington, she had a chaperone and had to pay her expenses.

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